

# Canibus Lyrics

"Travis Scott Concert"

(feat. Born Sun & Body Bag Ben)

[*Canibus:*]

I'ma iron your clothes  
Wit' your body still in 'em  
While the background sound  
Like a lobby full of women  
He sold me a lemon?  
I kill 'em  
But bring 'em back to me first  
So I can strip 'em, and close fist 'em  
Then hang 'em up wit' his toes missin'  
Nigga shoulda listened  
That stupid ass video you sent 'em  
I'ma talk about that in a second  
But right now, I'ma tell you  
That there will be no intervention  
Words that rhyme in a sentence  
Are my invention  
And please let's not even mention timing  
When I'm riding a rhythm  
God willing, bodybag beta test  
I had sex your wit' your Ex, wearing a Avirex  
Came on her neck  
Mutant X lubricant  
I undress the cuckoos breasts  
Take it all the way down to 2%  
Don't let the Mandalorian  
Have to wind the window down on the Delorian  
Do that, he coming for all of them

[*Born Sun:*]

Yo, this a open invitation  
Born Sun waitin'  
Facemask conversation  
Bash his face in  
Rata-tat ratchet  
Static, never panic  
Goons from Nibiru  
Scraping, grappling wooly mammoths  
Bad mama jama  
DC 'Bama with the hammer  
Never showing teeth for the camera  
Stamina laminating  
CD's in Atlanta  
Standing at 5 points  
Channelin' the channeler  
Supreme chancellor

Two-legged Tarantula  
Crankshaft crank it up  
Tote a whole camper  
Born Sun'll body you  
Wit' ballroom banter  
He said if I got cash  
I can bang the banker  
I'm looking in her eyes  
Trying to find a way to thank her  
Here's a handkerchief  
For your vaginal anger  
Cycle pharmacology  
Technology and my Wallabees  
Ain't nobody even got deets'  
Screaming against Socrates  
Standing next to chickenhead pottery  
'Cause the squares got on top of me  
Next year is don release  
Everybody getting a lobotomy  
I called it balderdash biology  
Travis Scott concert  
Unbody spirits in the mosh pit  
Hold the crowd spiritually hostage  
What wha-wha-what 1, 2, 1, 2  
2022 more Born Sun for you

*[Bodybag Ben:]*

Look, this perseverance, huh  
Midnight toasters on your grave, son  
Lifting spirits  
You caught the Holy Ghost like Joseph Simmons  
But shit be like that when you illin'  
Blood on his shelltoes  
Can't play the villain  
Pay the piper, now its lemon peppers  
Shift the land like a shepherd  
Bear the fruit  
Taste the nectar, huh  
His arm hanging off the stretcher  
Rung his bell now he laid up like Denzel  
In the Bone Collector  
Hellish premonitions when the rent past due  
Wave mags to  
Run jewels in the Air Max 2  
He got the deuce deuce tucked in the bubble goose, ha  
Word, now he got the mac in the knapsack  
Child, all he do is party and bullshit  
Ain't no life after death when the drum rip  
It's unbelievable, he ain't ready to die  
Nah, I ain't think so  
It's either friend or foe  
Without warning to kicking in the door  
Ha, wolves at the door yo, that's for certain

44 on his frame like George Gervin  
Now his bodies squirting  
Behind the curtain, see the evil lurkin'  
Rock homes that's full of Durban  
Leave homes in ya turban, Body